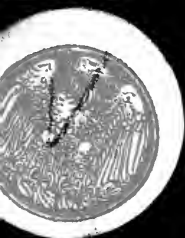


PS
3535
335B6
1920

A BOOK OF VERSE



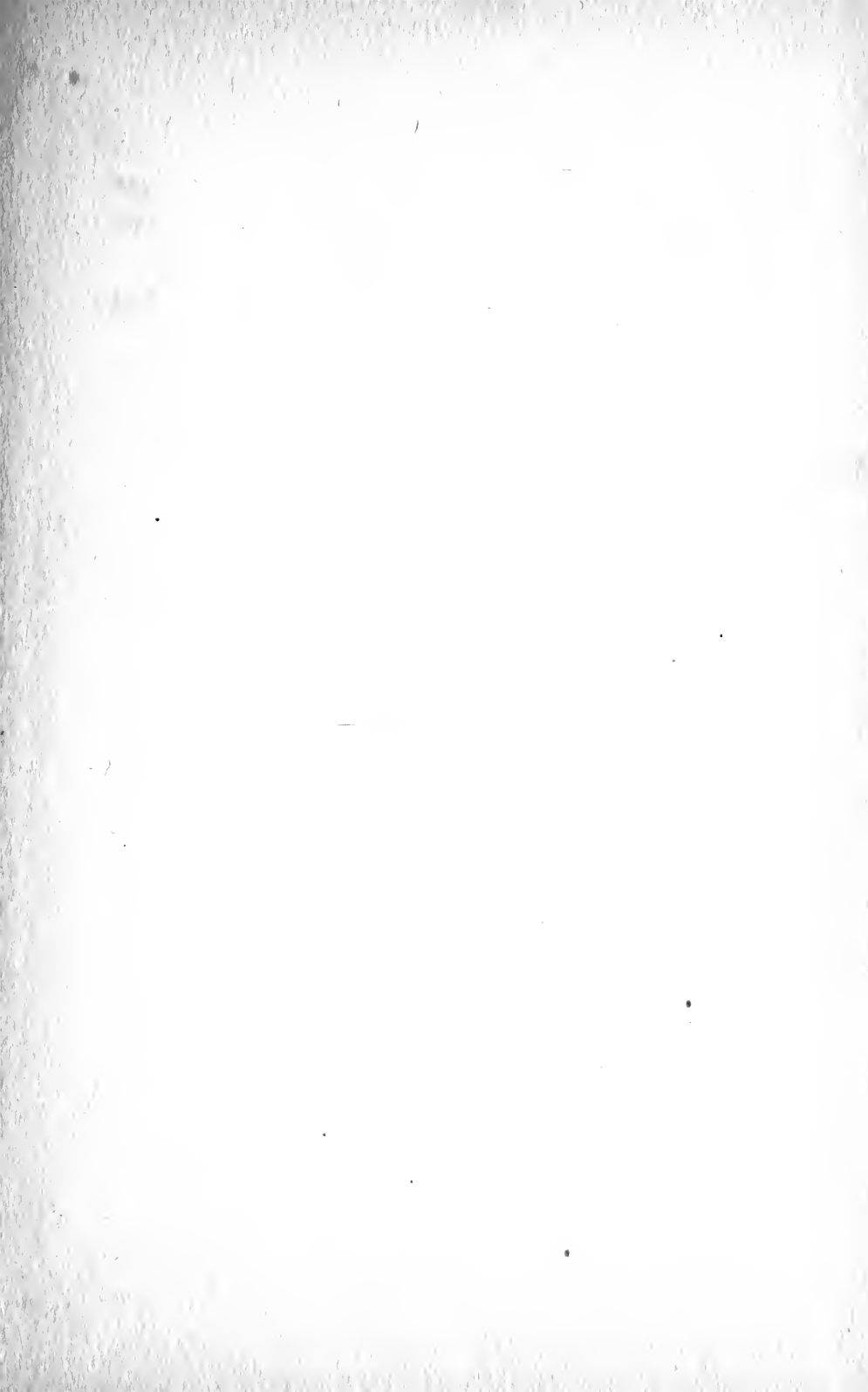


Class PS 3530

Book . I 335 B6

Copyright N^o 1920

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





A BOOK OF VERSE

BY O. ^{Mar}Richardson

2 3
2 3
3 3 3
2 3

1 • 9 • 2 • 0

PS 3535
I 335 B6
1920

Copyright by Oscar Richardson



FEB 11 1920

Thomas Todd Co. Printers, Boston

©Cl.A5G1799

ETH 19 Feb 1920

TO MY WIFE

FOREWORD

To the late Rev. O. O. Wright I am indebted beyond words for his friendly, unfailing interest and sympathetic criticism in my attempts to give thoughts expression in verse.

I am indebted to Miss Louella D. Everett for much assistance in secretarial work, and to Mr. Thomas Todd, Jr., for the production of the book.

O · R

THE RETURN OF THE YANKEE DIVISION
OVER HERE
THE AFTERMATH OF WAR
PÆAN OF THE IMMORTALS
THE VISION OF THE ARMISTICE

THE RETURN OF THE YANKEE DIVISION

Again the Drums of War awake the land
And Freedom's Tocsin on the air resounds,
As like Crusader knights of old,
New England's sons sail overseas
To fight on Freedom's battlegrounds.

At home, their Service Star of blue
Is hedged in glory on the window-pane;
And still in vision they are ever seen,
Undaunted, charging from entrenched camps
Through Hell of battle-lines aflame.

Some live, and Service Stars of blue
Shine on in hedge of golden glory;
Some give their all, and Glory turns
Their Stars of blue to Stars of gold,
To light the way to Victory.

 * * * * * *
They triumph on that distant bourne,
But still at home, with grateful hearts,
We long for their return.
The home fires burn, the feast is spread,
And chairs are set and wreaths are hung
For both the living and the dead.
The portals of our hearts and homes
Are open wide.—Oh, enter in!

April, 1919.

OVER HERE

Tune of "Scots Wha Hae"

Yanks, who have for Freedom bled;
Yanks, whom General Edwards led,
Welcome to Old Boston's spread,—
Love and jobs galore.

Yanks, with Freedom for their slogan;
Yanks, who fought with Cole and Logan;
Well, you are Old Boston's vogue—an'
Loved for evermore.

April, 1919. —

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

War is Sorrow,
But upon the glad tomorrow,
And 'tis waged for Freedom,
War is Sorrow
Crowned triumphant in her tears.

April, 1919.

PÆAN OF THE IMMORTALS

Through the ages since the world began,
Man and prototypes of man
Have struggled upwards from the mire,
Impelled by some Indwelling Fire
Towards the tablelands of Freedom.

On every higher tableland attained
The living Fire within them flamed,
Forever urging on with one clear thought
That Freedom greater must be sought—
And so the heritage from sire to son
Was that to die for Freedom ere 'tis won,
A deathless triumph is and Victory.

Then Sorrow's silent vale of gloom
Becomes transfigured at the glorious tomb,
Wherever freemen gave their all and died
On Flanders' broken fields and Ocean's surging tide.
Content they rest, enshrined in Freedom's story,
For on those fields and decks of Glory
Their deathless triumph vision gave
Of dawning Peace and world-wide Freedom.

Then Hail! All Hail! Ye spirits free,
Who freemen died on land and sea,
As from your glorious throng
Descends immortal song
Of War to cease and Mankind free.

April, 1919.

THE VISION OF THE ARMISTICE

"My country is the World,
My countrymen all Mankind."

—GARRISON.

Inscription on his statue.

In the calm of monumental bronze
He watches o'er the joyous city,
And the very metal is illumed
When at the dawn, like Memnon's statue,
In the harmony of Peace on bells intuned,
He speaks again for world-wide freedom;
Telling all that old things pass away,
And that today, through all the ages'
Times of trial and of tribulations,
On our vision looms the coming
Of the Commonwealth of Nations.

May, 1919.

PORTRAITS

THE NAME

JEAN

ANNA

LUCY

REV. O. O. WRIGHT

THE NAME

A faded card with corner roses red,
And printed on it verses twain,
Which rest the one above,
The other 'neath a woman's name.

The name in dear, familiar script
Shines forth a golden chain to me,
Entwined forever with the verse refrain
Which reads, "Sweet memories of thee."

Ah, how the primal love-call's thrill
Triumphant surges o'er all other,
In resurrection from your dust,
My Mother, Oh, my Mother!

December, 1919.

JEAN

Just as the scent of the heather
Means Scotland forever
To you, My Dearie,
So the fragrance of your life's endeavor
Means a joy forever
To us, My Dearie.

Oh, the hills are hard to climb
And keep the step in mind
Forever, Lassie;
But a wreath for endless service borne
Unconquered lifts your head above the storm
For evermore, My Lassie.

High road or low, 'tis mostly bitter sweet;
And for all the trials met, sair I grete
For ye, My Dearie.
Still the fragrance of your life's endeavor
Sweetens ours forever
And forever, Dearie.

May, 1919.

ANNA

Her mind in beauty gleams,
Within its mesh of living clay,
 A fair oasis
 On the desert sands;
And from its fount of reason
 Wisdom floweth,
Where those weary souls distracted,
Led forever on by life's mirages,
Longed-for drafts of consolation find,
An unexpected balm for hurts of mind.

July, 1919.

LUCY

Dark-haired daughter of Minerva,
Ever seeking after truth,
She layeth all upon the altar,
Mind and body, strength and youth;
And from the ashes of her life's endeavor
Nobler concepts of humanity and man
Shall, Phoenix-like, arise forever.

.

Hark! from out the flaming pyre
Resounds the music grand
Of time's immortal choir.

August, 1919.

REV. O. O. WRIGHT

He passed along my road in life,
A kindly, gracious presence,
Moving as the Master moved
Along the old Judean roads
And on the Sea of Galilee.

Through the mantle of his clay
His soul shone forth to all,
A sacred fire in lamp of alabaster.
So I saw him, met him on the Way,
And evermore I follow after.

December, 1919.

THE PILGRIM
AND
THE HEAVENWARD WAY

THE PILGRIM

To the Pilgrim on the Way
It seems as clear as day,
The tide doth rise, or it doth fall,
To us—in us,
As we—in God.

June, 1919.

THE HEAVENWARD WAY

THE HEAVENWARD WAY

Enshrined for ages in the star dust,
Like a precious stone in mesh of clay,
The Harbinger of spirit life
Casts only illumed shadow
Of a Heavenward Way.

In the measureless eternal Accent,
On creation's wings ascending
From the soil and muck of time,
It attains a peak of thought,
Where the Way is heralded
In the mind of ancient man.

By prophet mind the thought translated
From the burning writ of life's great ritual,
Acclaims that Virtue comes in moments
Gleaming through the Veil of Vice habitual,
Like shining stars
Athwart the blackness of the night.

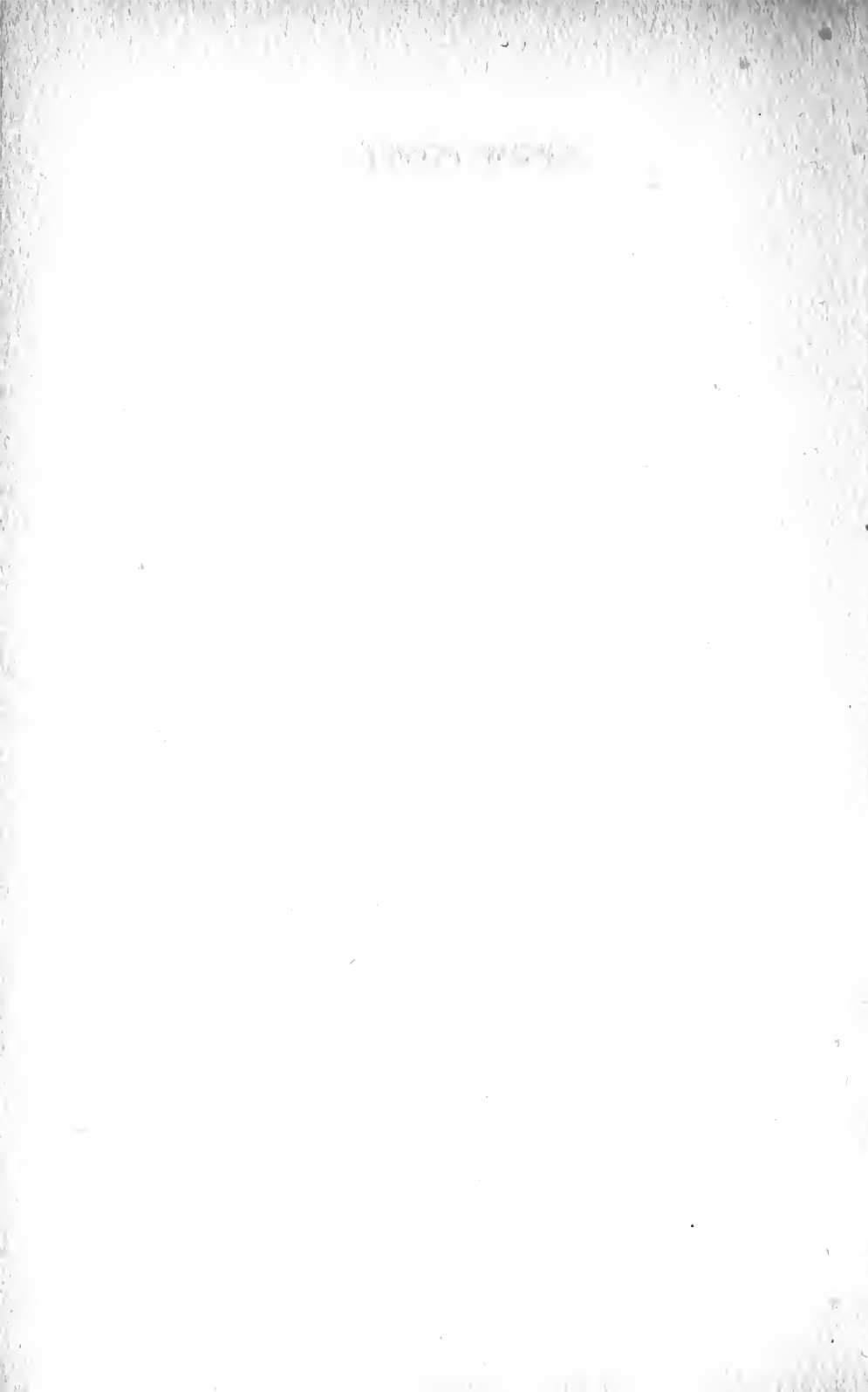
Through time's encircling years,
Amidst the storming clouds of doubt,
The Peak with awful, flaming rays
In broken gleams reveals the Way;
And so the living thought resistless spreads
To reach upon the air of doubt and storm,
Fulfillment in the shining Sacred Land
Beneath the Star of Bethlehem.

THE HEAVENWARD WAY

In the Accent of the Life Divine
In old Judea's Holy Land,
Naught but fleeing shadows trace the Veil,
And Virtue's merging moments,
 Spirit-winged and flaming clear,
Reveal the Shining Way
 In life of every sphere.

Now the thought transfigured
In the Light of Bethl'hem's Star,
 Leads the Pilgrim bravely on
Through the night of doubt and storm,
Till o'er the Heavenward Way
 Shall break Celestial Morn.

June—August, 1919.



CROW POINT

CROW POINT

On the brim of Hingham's lovely harbor,
In a quiet nook just off the sea,
 The flood of tide serene
In momentary calm and beauty rests,
 Within reflected shores of living green.

'Neath mirrored sky the shore's o'erspread
By opalescent wash of pale to dark blue tide,
 Across whose lovely sheen
Two boats with slightest motion sail,
 And add a touch of beauty to the scene.

As balmy zephyrs gently waft them on,
Their sails are never-ending silver layers
 Gleaming softly in the tide of blue,
With darker shadow lances of the masts
 In lines of beauty running through.

When caressed by breezes on the distant flood,
They disappear forever with the turning tide,
Oh then, from out the shadows
 Of the trees so green and fair,
The haunting, flute-like notes of joyous bird
 In salutation float upon the heavenly air.

CROW POINT

At last, from out the dusky, golden West,
The evening candle of the sky shines clear
And lights the closing day to rest.
The whirr of homing bird is heard
And firefly lamps
Are all alight,
As fading shore and twilight glow
Are blotted out by merging shadows,
And 'tis Night.

.
Oh still, in mem'ry's aftermath,
From Fancy's harbor shore,
Hope's thrilling song
An echoing thought inspires,
That in Life's grinding round,
So oft despairing,
Moments rare in beauty come;
And in their gathered spirit power,
Sailing on the conquering tide of time,
We shall in triumph,
Through the flood gates of the harbor,
Make the Port we sail to find.

May 31, 1919.

THE HISTORY OF THE

GRIP AND GOBLIN

GRIP AND GOBLIN

Once within my chamber dim,
When the shadows lift
And the light creeps in
At the witching hour of morn,
I beheld a Goblin black,
But 'twas only my pet cat,
 Perched intent and still
At the well-loved level
 Of the casement window sill.

At the tracery of trees and rocks
Which o'erlooks a loved lagoon,
Goblin through the window gazed
With intentness that suggested thought.
A well-known call and round he turned
And down he came, a sable cat
With joyful eyes of topaz flame.

In purring speech, "Good morn," he said,
"Why linger ye so long in bed?"
And then I stroked his arching back,
And tantalizing down the stairs he fled.
But 'neath the home light's evening glow,
 When we have gathered round the table,
Then in all that's going on
 Be sure my friend in sable
Takes a hand and fills a gap
 For which none else is able.

GRIP AND GOBLIN

Often doing stunts I've taught him
Comes a trick of turn and glance of eye
Which wipe away the years gone by;
And quite distinct and clear,
Through the sheen of mem'ry's tears,
Again I see, again I hear
My silver-white bull terrier,
Now dead these many years.

Grip by name and nature too,
And dogs like him I wish you knew;
And though a mighty battler for his right,
Yet no more loving heart was ever seen.
And so to children he was guide and friend,
A very dove for gentleness,
And like a lion to defend.

Ah! how his mem'ry warms the heart,
And how the life stream swifter flows,
As now his loving, roguish face
From out the past shines forth to me.
And so at times it seems quite clear
He looks not from the days gone by,
But somewhere on ahead of me
He longing looks and waiteth patiently.

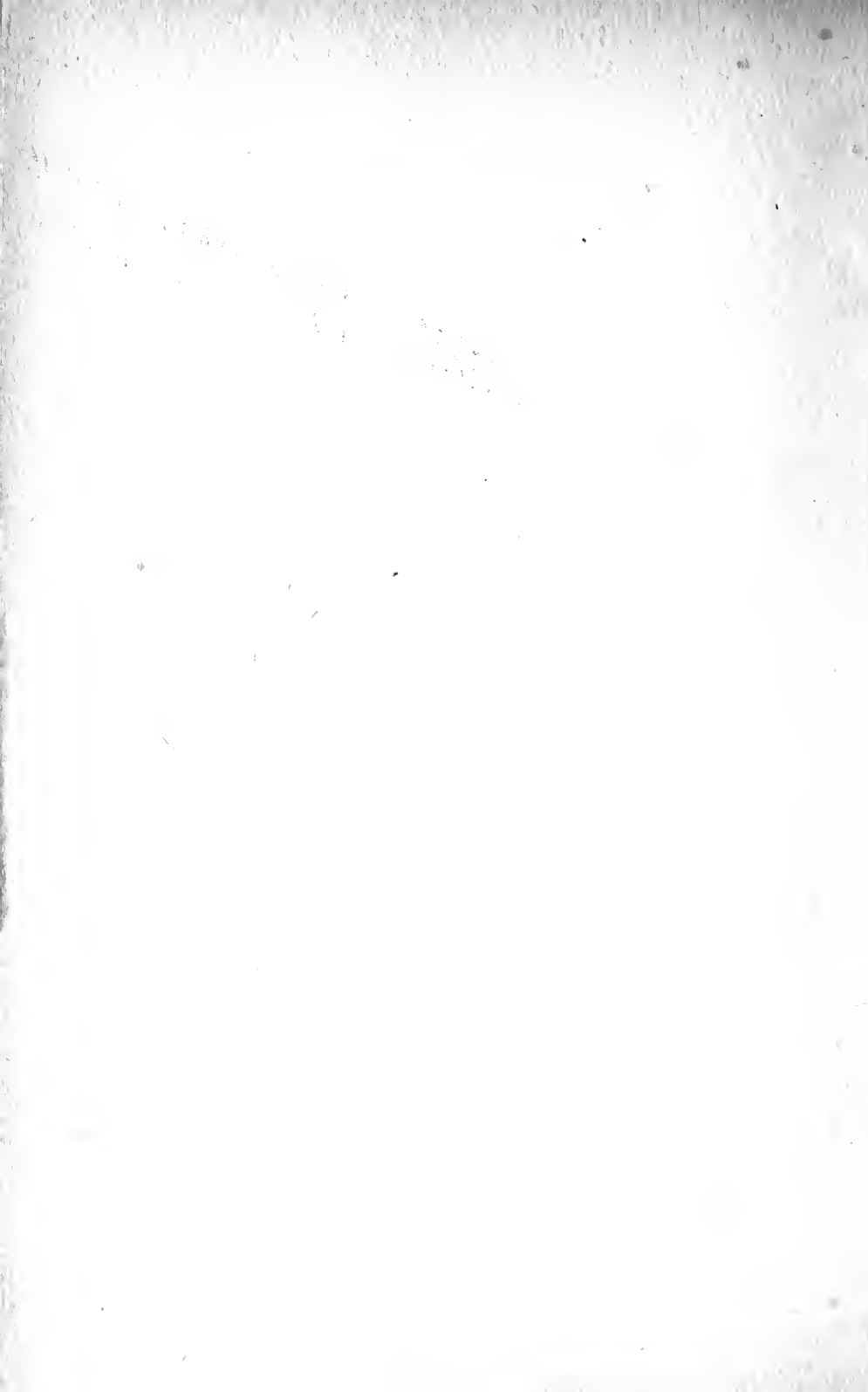
GRIP AND GOBLIN

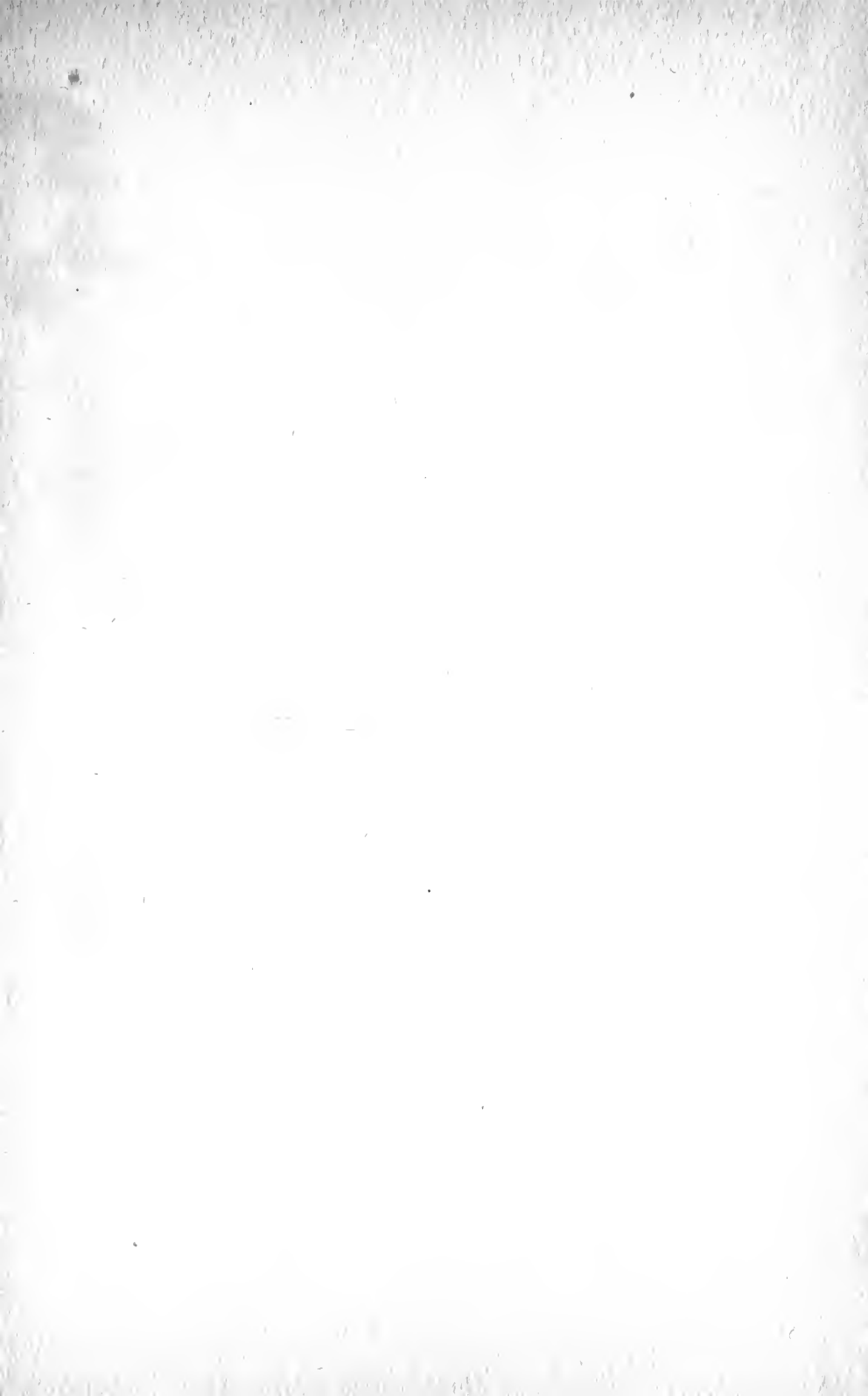
Goblin's taught me quite a little,
And from Grip much knowledge spread;
Still, Goblin's but a super-cat,
While Grip, who had no faults at all
And gave his love forever,
Was only my old, loving friend,
My silver-white bull terrier.

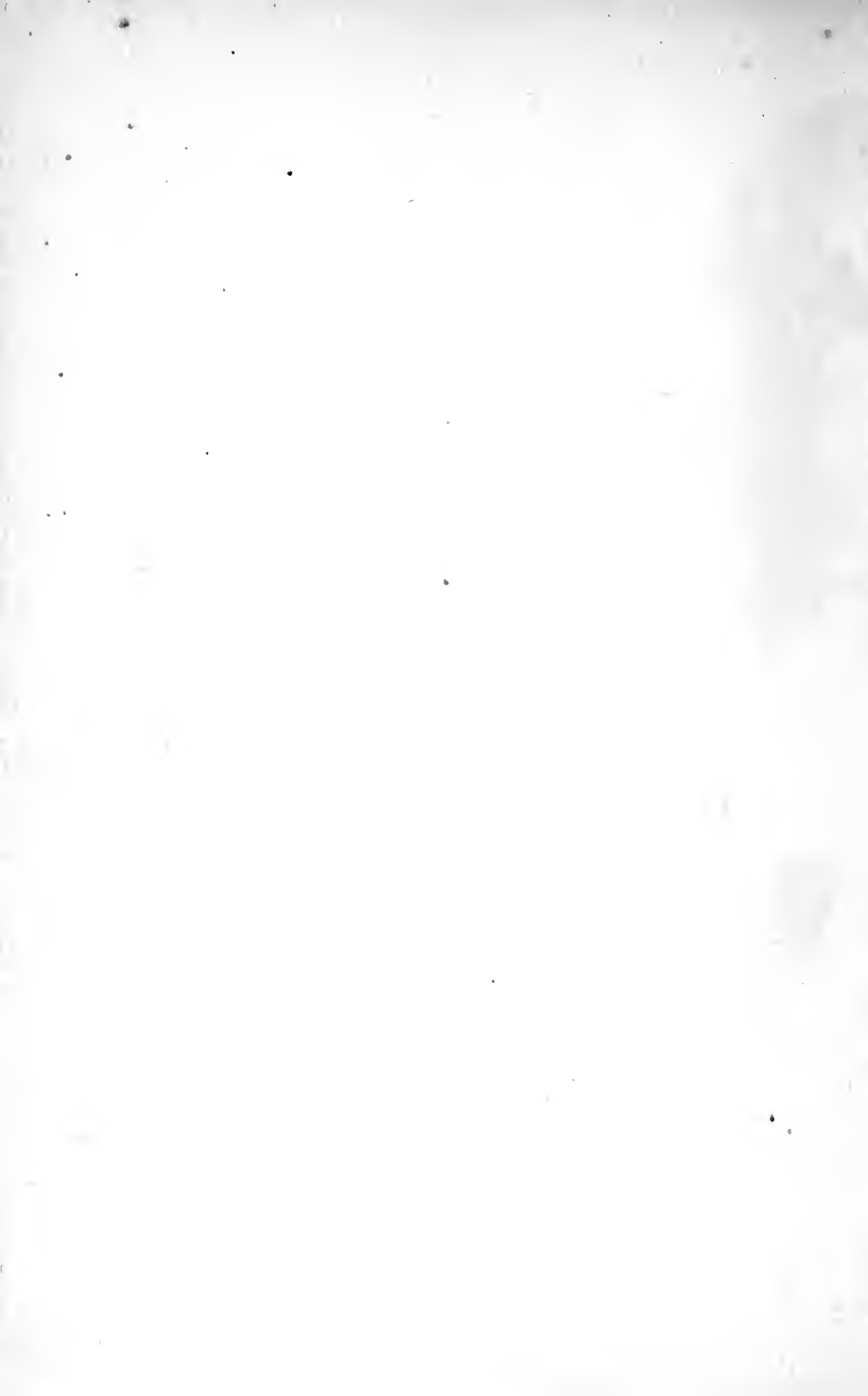
Now in time, and on old Charon's boat,
I, like all, must cross the river Styx;
And if upon the further bank
I hear a gladsome bark,
And forward of the pushing prow
I hear a faint meow,
And catch a gleam of silver white
And lights of topaz flame,
I'll know we're homeward bound,
And o'er the whelming flood so vast
Shall make the Home Port safe at last.

July — August, 1919.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 394 049 1